

# The Mirror

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## The House in which Lord Byron died.



FANCY in the name of Lord Byron has appeared in the pages of the MIRROR, and ample as the details we have given of his eventful life are, yet we are sure our readers will be gratified with the additional information we are now enabled to present. We have already given a portrait of Lord Byron, engraved on steel, his autograph, views of his family mansion, the church where his remains are deposited, and we now present our readers with a view of the house in which his lordship lived and died, at Missolonghi. For this truly interesting subject we are indebted to an excellent work just published, entitled, "The last days of Lord Byron." By William Parry, Major of Lord Byron's brigade in Greece. Mr. Parry was the friend and companion of his lordship during the last few months of his invaluable life. He lived under the same roof with him, enjoyed his unlimited confidence, and was engaged by him to forward the great cause he had at

heart—the liberation of Greece. His work, which is a plain and sensible narrative, contains a very interesting account of the last days of the noble bard, with his lordship's opinions on various subjects, particularly on the state and prospects of Greece. From this work we shall make a few extracts—and first, Mr. Parry's introduction to Lord Byron's house, of which we present so interesting a view:—

"The walls were covered with the insignia of Lord Byron's occupations. They were hung round with weapons, like an armoury, and supplied with books. Swords of various descriptions and manufacture, rifle guns and pistols, carbines and daggers, were within reach on every side of the room. His books were placed over them on shelves, and were not quite so accessible. I afterwards thought, when I came to know more of the man and the country, that this arrangement was a type of his opinion concerning it. He was not one of those who thought the Greeks needed education before obtaining freedom: as I can now interpret the language, that was legibly written on the walls—'Give Greece arms and independence, and then learning; I am here

\* Nos. 90 and 99 are wholly devoted to Lord Byron; and the third and fourth volumes of the MIRROR contain more interesting details of the life, genius, and character of his Lordship than are to be met with in any other work.

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to serve her, but I will serve her first with my steel, and afterwards with my pen."

"Lord Byron was sitting on a kind of mattress, but elevated by a cushion that occupied only a part of it, and made his seat higher than the rest. He was dressed in a blue surtout coat and loose trousers, and wore a foraging-cap. He was attended by an Italian servant, Tita, and a young Greek of the name of Luca, of a most prepossessing appearance."

Mr. Parry says, the manner in which Lord Byron lived in Greece may be sketched from the history of a single day.

"He always rose at nine o'clock, or a little later, and breakfasted about ten.—This meal consisted of tea without either milk or sugar, dry toast, and water-cresses. During his breakfast I generally waited on him, to make any reports which were necessary, and take his orders for the labours of the day. When this business was settled, I retired to give the necessary directions to the different officers, and returned so as to be back by eleven o'clock, or a quarter before. His lordship then inspected the accounts, and, in conjunction with his secretary, checked and audited every item in a business-like manner.

"If the weather permitted, he afterwards rode out; if it did not, he used to amuse himself by shooting at a mark with pistols. Though his hand trembled much, his aim was sure, and he could hit an egg four times out of five at the distance of ten or twelve yards.

"The reader may form an idea of the fever of which Lord Byron died, when I mention his food. He ate very sparingly, and what he did eat was neither nourishing, nor heating, nor blood-making food. He very rarely touched flesh, ate very little fish, used neither spices nor sauces, and dined principally off dried toast, vegetables, and cheese. He drank a very small quantity of wine or cider; but indulged in the use of no spirituous liquors. He took nothing of any consequence during the remainder of the day, and I verily believe, as far as his own personal consumption was concerned, there was not a single Greek soldier in the garrison who did not eat more, and more luxuriously, than this tenderly-brought up and long-indulged English gentleman and nobleman.

"After his dinner, Lord Byron attended the drilling of the officers of his corps in an outer apartment of his own dwelling. Here again he set an admirable example. He submitted to be drilled with them, and went through all those exercises it was proper for them to learn.

When these were finished, he very often played a game of single-stick, or indulged in some other severe muscular exertion. He then retired for the evening, and conversed with friends, or employed himself, using the little assistance I was able to give him, studying military tactics. At eleven o'clock I left him, and I was generally the last person he saw, except his servants, and then he retired, not, however, to sleep, but to study. Till nearly four o'clock every morning he was continually engaged reading or writing, and rarely slept more than five hours: getting up again, as I have already said, at nine o'clock. In this manner did Lord Byron pass nearly every day of the time I had the pleasure of knowing him."

Mr. Parry attributes the death of Lord Byron to debility arising from his anxiety for the cause of Greece, and the vexations to which he was subjected by the interference of others. Lord Byron died, as our readers will remember, on the 19th of April, 1824: for some days previous to this event his Lordship was delirious. On the 15th, Mr. Parry, who enjoyed a high degree of favour, visited the noble bard, and he thus relates the interview:—

"It was seven o'clock in the evening when I saw him, and then I took a chair at his request, and sat down by his bedside, and remained till ten o'clock. He sat up in his bed, and was then calm and collected. He talked with me on a variety of subjects connected with himself and his family; he spoke of his intentions as to Greece, his plans for the campaign, and what he should ultimately do for that country. He spoke to me about my own adventures. He spoke of death also with great composure; and though he did not believe his end was so very near, there was something about him so serious and so firm, so resigned and composed, so different from any thing I had ever before seen in him, that my mind misgave me, and at times foreboded his speedy dissolution.

"'Parry,' he said, when I first went to him, 'I have much wished for you to-day. I have had most strange feelings, but my head is now better; I have no gloomy thoughts, and no idea but that I shall recover. I am perfectly collected—I am sure I am in my senses—but a melancholy will creep over me at times.' The mention of the subject brought the melancholy topics back, and a few exclamations showed what occupied Lord Byron's mind when he was left in silence and solitude. 'My wife! my Ada! my country! the situation of this place—my removal impossible, and perhaps death—all combine to make me sad. Since I have been ill, I have given to all my plans

much serious consideration. You shall go on at your leisure preparing for building the schooner; and when other things are done, we will put the last hand to this work, by a visit to America.\* To reflect on this has been a pleasure to me, and has turned my mind from ungrateful thoughts. When I left Italy, I had time on board the brig to give full scope to memory and reflection. It was then I came to that resolution I have already informed you of. I am convinced of the happiness of domestic life. No man on earth respects a virtuous woman more than I do; and the prospect of retirement in England with my wife and Ada, gives me an idea of happiness I have never experienced before. Retirement will be every thing to me, for heretofore my life has been like the ocean in a storm."

"Then adverting to his more immediate attendants he said: 'I have closely observed to-day the conduct of all around me. Tita is an admirable fellow; he has not been out of the house for several days. Bruno is an excellent young man and very skilful, but I am afraid he is too much agitated. I wish you to be as much about me as possible; you may prevent me being jaded to death; and when I recover, I assure you I shall adopt a different mode of living. They must have misinformed you when they told you I was asleep; I have not slept; and I can't imagine why they should tell you I was asleep."

"You have no conception of the unaccountable thoughts which come into my mind when the fever attacks me. I fancy myself a Jew, a Mahomedan, and a Christian of every profession of faith. Eternity and space are before me; but on this subject, thank God, I am happy and at ease. The thought of living eternally, of again reviving, is a great pleasure. Christianity is the purest and most liberal religion in the world; but the numerous teachers who are continually worrying mankind with their denunciations and their doctrines, are the greatest enemies of religion. I have read with more attention than half of them, the Book of Christianity, and I admire the liberal and truly charitable principles which Christ has laid down. There are questions connected with this subject which none but Almighty God can solve. Time and space, who can conceive—none but God: on him I rely."

On the 16th and 17th Lord Byron was alarmingly ill, and almost constantly delirious; on the 18th he suffered great pain; about six in the evening of that

\* This was in connection with his Lordship's views as to Greece, stated in another place."

day he sunk into a stupor and woke no more. "He continued," says Mr. Parry, "in a state of complete insensibility for twenty four hours, giving no other signs of life but that rattling in his throat which indicated the approach of death. On Monday, April the 19th, at six o'clock in the evening, even this faint indication of existence had ceased—Lord Byron was dead. Thus died George, Lord Byron, the truest and greatest poet England has lately given birth to; the warmest hearted of her philanthropists, and unquestionably the most distinguished man of her nobility."

## The Topographer.

No. XII.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE,  
(ALIAS PONT A'R FYNACH), IN  
CARDIGANSHIRE, NORTH WALES.

THE cataract, that is here formed by the fall of the Mynach, saluted us with its thundering roar long ere we approached it; and as we drew near, the strong reverberation, rebellowed by surrounding cavernous rocks, seemed to convulse the very atmosphere itself! We hastily put up our horses at the Hafod Arms, a solitary inn; and within a few paces fogged ourselves on the bridge, suspended over a gulf at which even recollection cannot but shudder. This bridge bestrides a lane of almost perpendicular rocks, patched with wood, whose summits are here scarcely five yards asunder.

At a terrific depth in the glen rages, unseen, the impetuous Mynach, engulfed beneath the protruding crags and pendant foliage; but on looking over the parapet, the half-recoiling sight discovers the phrenetic torrent in one volume of foam, bursting into light, and threatening, as it breaks against the opposing rocks, to tear the mountains from their strong foundations: then instantly darting into the dark abyss beneath, it leaves the imagination free to all the terrors of concealed danger. With emotions of awe, nor without those of fear, we descended the side of the rock, assisted by steps already cut in it, and, with some peril, reached the level of the darkened torrent, where standing on a projecting crag, against which the river bounded, immersed in its spray, and deafened by its roar, we clung to the rock. The impression of terror subsiding, left us at liberty to examine the features of the scene.—Nearly over our heads appeared the Old Bridge, attributed to the handy work of

the Devil, and another standing perpendicular over that, built by a native mason about fifty years since. The original bridge is supposed to have been built by the monks of Strata Florida Abbey, about one hundred and fifty years ago. On climbing from this hollow, we proceeded two or three hundred yards to the left of the bridge, and again descended a fearful tract, to witness the grand falls of the Mynach. Under the direction of a guide we reached the ordinary station with some difficulty, where the view of the cataract disclosed itself in four different cascades: though the intervention of a projecting rock divided these great falls, they appeared too much alike. I wished to get lower, but it seemed impracticable. Emboldened, however, by the example of a guide, I clambered upon the edge of an immense perpendicular strata of rock to nearly the lower channel of the torrent, when the cataract appeared in the most perfect manner imaginable—the great fall displayed itself in an uninterrupted superiority, and the lesser ones retired as subordinate parts.

The perpendicular descent of this cataract is no less than two hundred and ten feet—the first fall does not exceed twenty feet, the next increases to sixty, the third diminishes to about twenty, and then after a momentary pause, the torrent bounds over a shelving rock in one tremendous fall of one hundred and ten feet, and soon unites itself with the Rhydol, a river of considerable size.

This grand cataract receives no small augmentation of its terrific appearance from the black stratified rocks, forming the glen down which it thunders; nor can the spectator, however firm his mind, divest himself of terror, while, near the bottom of an abyss for ever denied a ray of sun, he views the menacing torrent bursting before him, or contemplates its foaming course tearing at his feet, among crags that its fury has disjoined. If he ventures to look up the acclivitous rock, more real danger threatens his return, when a devious balance or false step would ensure his certain destruction!—Yet, from the horrors of this gloomy chasm, some favoured projections relieve the imagination, ornamented by the light and tasteful pencilling of the mountain ash, intermixing with vigorous sapling oaks; where here and there a tree of riper years, unable to derive support from the scanty soil, falls in premature decay a prostrate ruin.

I have seen waterfalls more picturesquely grand than that of the Mynach, but none more awfully so—not excepting even the celebrated falls of Lodore and

Scaleforce, in Cumberland. Climbing from the scene of terrors, I rejoined my companions, and at the Hafod Arms Inn obtained a change of clothes—a comfort which, though wet for several hours, I should still longer have denied myself, had not the approach of night forced me from the Mynach's interesting scenery.

B.

## The Nobelist.

No. LXXI.

LUCY MAR.

OF all the virtues in the world, that of pure and philanthropic charity sends forth the sweetest incense. It is a lovely trait in the character of the aged—for it argues a tenderness of feeling, and expansive mind, and a warm and benevolent heart, existing amid the desolation of the winter of years; and by this we know that time which withers and freezes up the flowers of beauty and the perennial fount of youth, has not been able to reach the springs of humanity which flow from the inner bosom. We admire it in the middle aged and active, but from these we expect the ready, and active benevolence which is due from man to man—they are the bone and sinew of society, and owe duties from which their fathers are in a manner exempt. But the charity of the young is that which mingles present pleasure with all the fulness of future hope, and sheds around the character a more than earthly glory.

Every poor family in Alesbury knew Lucy Mar, of the Sweet-briar Cottage, over the brook by the meadows; where her father lived on a snug little farm which he had bought out of the hard earnings of his young days, and where he long lived in good circumstances, honest, and industrious.—There were many pretty girls in Alesbury, in those times, but they were, as now, generally found too much devoted to pleasure, too fond of gay dress, and gay company, and spent too much time with the beaux, to have a great deal to devote to better purposes. Among these Lucy was called the little basket girl, from the circumstance of her frequently bringing up to the village small presents in a basket, which she carried round to those families who, through misfortune, sickness, or accidents were struggling with distress.

Her father when she was quite a child gave her a spot of garden ground. "Lucy," said he, "this shall be all your own; if you are a good girl, and industrious, it will yield you a great many good things, and you shall dispose of them as you

like." Every summer she paid constant attention to its cultivation—her brothers assisted her in the most laborious part of the business, and in process of time it yielded abundantly. She had a present also, once, of two pretty lambs, and from this small stock in a few seasons came a fine little stock—the wool of these she spun for stockings and mittens, for the poor people about her neighbourhood and in the village, to whose relief also, the produce of her little garden went.

From resources such as these, Lucy was many times enabled to cheer the spirits of desponding poverty, and often did her small presents, well timed always in their application, dissipate the gloom that was gathering round a widowed or an orphan family. Among the poor, and there were several of such in and about Alesbury, she was idolized; and she early, very early, had the joy of knowing that if the prayers of grey-headed, decrepit, desolate age were valuable, she was rich in such treasure. Beyond her circle of measurably dependent friends, she had few intimate companions; and secluded amid the retired shades of the Sweet-briar Cottage, she passed the first sixteen years of her life in tranquillity and innocence.

I think Lucy was about sixteen, when the law-suit, between her father and the Lawrences took place, which ended in the loss of his estate, for the court decided that he had bought the Sweet-briar property under a bad title. It was a severe stroke to the family—for in his farm the good man lost all that he was worth, and found himself involved in debt besides—having devoted all that he made for many years to enrich, and beautify, and improve his delightful situation; and the expenses of the unexpected suit having been considerable.

When Mr. Mar returned from the court, on the evening of the day in which his fortune had been decided, an affecting scene took place. "All is lost," said the poor man as his wife opened the door to receive him, "all is lost; Mary, we must leave to others this pretty retreat which we have fixed up so snug and comfortable, for our old age, and on which we so long fondly hoped our children would succeed us—but it is the will of Heaven—we must bear it with the resignation that becomes us."

The kind mother clasped her hands silently and turned pale—but when she saw her husband affected almost to tears, she put on the natural fortitude of the woman, and endeavoured cheerfully to encourage him under his misfortunes. The children gathered round their pa-

rents, and with tears in their eyes listened to the father's sad account—and then we must leave the Sweet-briar Cottage, said they all, sobbing, and in the same breath. "Yes," repeated the unfortunate father, the tears ran down his cheeks, and unable to restrain their feelings longer, the whole family were bathed in tears.

Misfortunes, sudden and deep, and unexpected misfortunes, make sad inroads upon the hearts, even of the most sober and philosophic—and the young and unfortified often bear them with less firmness. But Lucy who had been sitting long silent in one corner, at length spoke. They will take my pretty garden spot then, and all my lambs; but, though I shall have to leave my poor friends in the village, without my aid, it will be even a sweeter task to work, and earn something for, and help every day, my poor parents. Yes, we will all work to help you pa', responded each of the affectionate children, and touched with this pathetic appeal to his affectionate heart, another burst of tears succeeded.

Just then a gentle rap was heard at the door—Lucy flew to open it, and a traveller entered, and asked for lodgings. There was a moment of hesitation, and all eyes were turned to Mr. Mar. "I never yet," said the good man, "turned a stranger from my door, and while I have a loaf of bread, I will not deny a share of it to the needy." Pleasure returned in every countenance at these words, and the unknown visitor was shown to a seat—supper was prepared by Lucy, and the stranger feasted. He was a young man of a fine figure and countenance, intelligent and affable—and ever and anon, his eye was caught straying towards Lucy—she discovered it, and blushing, seized an opportunity of retiring.

"Methinks," said the stranger as she left the room, "I saw that pretty blue-eyed girl in the village, two years ago, carrying a basket of food to the poor old woman who lived by the turnpike gate; is it not her they used to call the little basket girl?" The father smiled and assented.—"Then," said he, "I know more of her history than you imagine—we must become better acquainted." The conversation went on—in course Mr. Mar mentioned his losses—and spoke with a full heart of his past life, his prospects, and his family. The evening was spent—and next morning the stranger left the cottage, saying he had some business to transact and would return in the evening.

The evening came—Carroll returned

and presented to the astonished family Mr. Lawrence's deed for his farm. "I give it to you," said he, "on this condition, that you allow me to remain a member of your family for a few weeks;" the condition was accepted; a new era opened; the six weeks were prolonged to sixteen, and at the end of that time he led young Lucy to the altar. He was a wealthy landholder from an eastern town, and had been on a visit to his tenants, when this event took place.

Thus did heaven reward the virtues of the lovely daughter of Mr. Mar, at last, and when it was least expected, with a flow of unexampled prosperity.

### The Selector; ON CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

#### ODE TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.

*Secretary to the Society for the Suppression of Mendacity.*

"This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men."—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

Hail, King of Shreds and Patches, hail,  
Dispenser of the Poor!  
Thou Dog in office, set to bark  
All beggars from the door!

Great overseer of overseers,  
And dealer in old rags!  
Thy public duty never fails,  
Thy ardour never flags!

Oh, when I take my walks abroad,  
How many poor I miss!  
Had Doctor Watts walk'd now a days  
He would have written this!

So well thy vagrant catchers prowl,  
So clear thy caution keeps  
The path—O, Bodkin, sure thou hast  
The bye that never sleeps!

No Bellarius pleads for alms,  
No Benbow, lacking legs;  
The pious man in black is now  
The only man that begs!

Street-Handels are disorganiz'd,  
Disbanded every hand!—  
The silent *scrapers* at the door  
Is scarce allow'd to stand!

The sweeper brushes with his broom,  
The Carstairs with his chalk  
Retires,—the cripple leaves his stand,  
But cannot sell his walk.

The old wall-blind resigns the wall,  
The camels hide their humps,  
The Witherington without a leg  
May as beg upon his stumps!

Poor Jack is gone, that used to doff  
His better'd tatter'd hat,  
And show his dangling sleeve, alas!  
There seem'd no arm in that!

Oh! was it such a sin to ake  
His true blue naval rags,  
Glory's own trophy, like St. Paul,  
Hang round with holy flags!

Thou knowest best. I meditate,  
My Bodkin, no offence!  
Let us, henceforth, but nurse our pounds,  
Thou dost protect our pence!

Well art thou pointed 'gainst the poor,  
For, when the beggar crew  
Bring their petitions, thou art paid,  
O course, to "run them through."

Of course thou art what Hamlet meant—  
To wretches the last friend;  
What ills can mortals have, they can!  
With a bare *Bodkin* end?  
*Odes and Addresses to Great People.*

### Miscellaneous.

#### EPITAPH IN SAINT PETER'S CHURCH, NEAR MARGATE.

"Sacred  
To the memory  
of

ANNABELLA BUNBURY  
daughter of

Sir WILLIAM BUNBURY, Bart.  
and wife of

GEORGE BOSCAWEN, Esq.  
born February the 14th, 1746,  
obit September 4th, 1818.

There was a time when Beauty's brightest bloom  
Adorned the slumberer in yon darksome tomb—  
When numbers, envious her fame to share,  
In secret sigh'd, and wished themselves as fair:  
And numbers more, when waken'd to survey  
The dawn of retribution's certain day—  
When all her works of mercy, done below,  
And deeds beneficent, the world shall know—  
When worth like hers is fully understood,  
May wish too late they had but been as good."

#### ABSTINENCE.

PLINY says, a person may live seven days without any food whatever, and that many people have continued more than eleven days without either food or drink. Petrus de Albano says, there was in his time, in Normandy, a woman, thirty years of age, who had lived without food for eighteen years. Alexander Benedictus mentions a person at Venice, who lived six days without food. Jubertus relates, that a woman lived in good health three years, without either food or drink; and that he saw another who had lived to her tenth year without food or drink, and that when she arrived at a proper age she was married, and lived like other people in respect to diet, and had children. Cassinus mentions, that some of the more rigid Ben-nanians in India abstain from food, fir-



quently for twenty days together. Albertus Kræsius says, that a hermit in the mountains in the canton of Schwitz, lived twenty years without food. Guarginus says, that Louis the pious, emperor of France, who died in 840, existed the last forty days of his life without either food or drink. Citois gives the history of a girl who lived three years without food. Albertus Magnus says, he saw a woman at Cologne who often lived twenty and sometimes thirty days without food; and that he saw an hypochondriacal man, who lived without food for seven weeks, drinking a draught of water every other day. Hildanus relates the case of a girl who lived many days without food or drink. Sylvius says there was a young woman in Spain, aged twenty-two years, who never ate any food, but lived entirely upon water; and that there was a girl in Narbonne, and another in Germany, who lived three years in good health without any kind of food or drink. It is said that Democritus lived to the age of one hundred and nine years, and that in the latter part of his life he subsisted almost entirely, for forty days at one time, on smelling honey and bread.—Others might be adduced, but these shall for the present suffice.

T—A. N—C.

### ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.

GOUPY attended as an assistant drawing master, at the palace of his royal highness Frederick prince of Wales. When he was one day there, his majesty, George III. being then a very little boy, for some trifling fault was compelled to stand behind a chair, as a prisoner. Goupy was ordered to go on with his drawing. "How can I," replied the artist, "make a drawing worthy the attention of your royal highness, when I see the young prince standing under your displeasure." "You may return to your seat, sir," said the good natured Prince of Wales, "but remember that Goupy has released you."

As Goupy grew old, he became infirm and poor; at the accession of George III, he was eighty-four. Soon after that period, walking in pensive mood and piteous plight, on the Kensington road, the royal carriage passed, and he pulled off his hat. The face of the old man caught the king's eye, he ordered the coach to stop, called the friendless artist to the door, and asked him how he went on. "Little enough, in truth," replied the old man, "little enough; but, as I was so happy as to take your majesty out of prison, I hope you will not suffer me to go into one." "Indeed I will not my

dear Goupy," replied the good natured monarch, casting on the poor old man a look brightened with the tear of sympathy, "indeed I will not." And he immediately ordered him a handsome allowance weekly, which the forsaken artist enjoyed to the last day of his life.

PATRIA.

### FATHER OF THE CHAPEL.

Each Printer hence, howe'er unbless'd his walls,  
E'en to this day his house a *Chapel* calls.

THE title of *Chapel* to the internal regulations of a printing-office, originated in Caxton exercising the profession in one of the chapels of Westminster Abbey, and may be considered as an additional proof, from the antiquity of the custom, of his being the first English printer. In extensive houses, where many workmen are employed, the *Calling a Chapel* is a business of great importance, and generally takes place when a member of the office has a complaint to allege against any of his fellow-workmen, the first intimation of which he makes to the *Father of the Chapel*, usually the oldest printer in the house, who, should he conceive that the charge can be substantiated, and the injury, supposed to have been received, is of such magnitude as to call for the interference of the law, summonses the members of the *Chapel* before him at the *Imposing Stone*, and there receives the allegations and defence, in solemn assembly, and dispenses justice with typographical rigour and impartiality. These trials often afford scenes of genuine humour. The punishment generally consists in the criminal providing a libation, by which the offended workmen may wash away the stain that his misconduct has laid upon the body at large. Should the plaintiff not be able to substantiate his charge, the fine then falls upon himself, for having maliciously arraigned his companion; a mode of practice which is marked with the features of sound policy, as it never loses sight of *The good of the Chapel*.

### FALLS OF KAKABIKKA, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

RAPIDS and cataracts abound; among the latter is one of the most magnificent cascades to be witnessed in any country; it is denominated by the Indians, the Falls of Kakabikka or cleft rock, and is situated about thirty miles upward from the mouth of the river, which is here contracted to the width of about 50 yards, and supplied with a volume of water unusually large for that width. Thus con-

fined, the whole body of the river is precipitated, in a dense sheet, down a perpendicular precipice more than 130 feet into a deep chasm, bounded by perpendicular cliffs of the height just mentioned; the banks of the river, for the distance of nearly one half of a mile below, are completely insurmountable, rising perpendicularly, and in many places overhanging their bases.—The chasm throughout this distance, is no wider than is necessary to give free passage to the water, which is mantled with foam and hurried down with great rapidity. This scenery, although it is less extensive, yet vies in grandeur and sublimity with that of the Falls of Niagara. In beholding it the spectator is inspired with equal awe, the principal features are equally terrific, when the deep intonation, which is not only heard, but felt at the distance of four or five hundred yards, is more sensible than that of its rival, and has a nearer resemblance to the roar of distant thunder and the rumbling of an earthquake. Below the Falls of Kakabikka, the river presents a continued rapid for the distance of about 20 miles, below which it quietly passes through serpentine folds to its mouth, which is an arm of the lake called Kamana Bay.—The whole descent of the water from Cold Water Lake (the first water eastward of the dividing ridge on the route) to Lake Superior, may be estimated at about 600 feet.

### POTATOES.

POTATOES are the most common excellent root now in use among us; though little more than a century ago, they were confined to the gardens of the curious, and presented as a rarity. They form the principal food of the lower classes in some parts of Ireland. That illustrious admiral, Sir John Hawkins, having procured the first potatoes for ship provisions from the inhabitants of Santa Fe, in New Spain, South America, he introduced that useful root into Ireland, whence it has been propagated through every other part of the globe. See Evans's *Juvenile Tourist*, p. 370, and Robinson's *Hume and Smollett*. Sir John Hawkins was descended from the ancient family of Hawkins, resident at Nash Court, in Kent, as early as the reign of king Edward III. vide *Hasted's History of Kent*. His father was William Hawkins, Esq. a gentleman of a considerable estate, and the first Englishman that made a voyage to Brazil. See Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*. Sir John was born at Plymouth, A. D. 1526, and after

a series of services replete with advantages to his country, among which was the institution of that noble fund, the *Chest at Chatham*. He departed this life on November 21, 1595, honoured by all. He was father of Admiral Sir Richard Hawkins, progenitor to John Hawkins, of Norton House, near Kingsbridge, in Devonshire, Esq.

POLYCARP.

### FIRST ACT OF PARLIAMENT FOR A CANAL IN ENGLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Duke of Bridgewater, the father of canals in England, possessed an estate at Worsley, near Manchester, rich in mines of coal, from which he derived little or no profit, on account of the expense which attended the conveyance of the article by land carriage to a suitable market. Fully apprised of the utility of a canal from Worsley to Manchester, he consulted Mr. Brindley on the subject, who having surveyed the country, declared the scheme to be practicable. Accordingly, his Grace obtained, in 1758 and 1759, an Act of Parliament for this purpose; and Mr. Brindley was employed in the conduct and execution of the undertaking, the first of the kind ever attempted in England, with navigable subterraneous tunnels and elevated aqueducts, &c. This was considered as a chimerical and extravagant project; and an eminent engineer, who was consulted on the occasion, ridiculed the attempt. "I have often heard," says he, "of castles in the air, but never before was shewn where any of them were to be erected." The Duke was not discouraged, but confiding in the judgment of Mr. Brindley, empowered him to prosecute the work. This extraordinary undertaking commenced, and the minutiae of execution in this first canal unfolded the great powers of Mr. Brindley, who terminated his useful life on the 27th of September, 1772, in the 56th year of his age, at Turn-hurst, in Staffordshire.—Britons,

"Adorn his tomb! oh, raise the marble bust,  
Proclaim his honours, and protect his dust!"

DARWIN.

See "Life of Brindley," by Dr. Kippis.

P. T. W.

### EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

ERE sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care;  
The opening bud to heaven convey'd,  
And bade it blossom there.



## Dunmow Priory.



THE Priory of Dunmow, in Essex, of which the above is a view, is more remarkable for a singular custom attached to it than for its architectural beauties: we allude to the ancient and well-known custom of the Manor of Dunmow, in delivering a gammon or fitch of bacon to any couple who would swear that they had been married a year and a day without having offended each other in deed or in word, or wished themselves unmarried again.

This custom is by some supposed to have originated in the Saxon or Norman times, while others attribute its institution to the Fitz-Walters. It was not, however, peculiar to Dunmow or to England, for it prevailed in Bretagne, at the Abbey of St. Melaine near Rennes, where for six hundred years a fitch of bacon was given to the first couple who had been married a year and a day without having quarrelled or grumbled at each other, or repented of their union.

We need not, however, go to Bretagne for an instance of this custom, since we find that, in England, it is not confined to Dunmow. "Sir Philip de Somerville, knight, held the manor of Wichnour in com. Stafford, of the circle of Lancaster, then lord of the honour of Tutbury, by these memorable services, viz. by two small fees, that is to say, when other tenants pay for relief (of) one whole knight's fee, one hundred shillings; and when escuage\* is assessed throughout the land, or ayde fee to make the eldest son of the lord knight, or for to marry the eldest daughter of the lord, the said Sir

Philip shal pay bot the moty of it, that other shal paye. Nevertheless, the sayd Sir Philip shal fynde meyntheinge and susteinge one *bacon fytche*, hanging in his halle at Wichenour, ready arrayed all tymes of the yere, bott in Lent, to be given to everyche mane or womane married after the yere and day of their marriage be passed; and to be given everyche mane of religion, archbishop, prior, or other religious; and to everyche priest, after the year and day of their profession finished, or of their dignity reseyved, in form following, whensoever that any such before-named wyllle come for to enquisse for the bacome in their owne person, or by any other for them, they shall come to the bayliff or to the porter of the lordship of Whichenour, and shall say to them, in the manere as ensewethe.

"Bayliffe or porter, I doo you to knowe, that I am come for myself, (or if he come for any other, shewing for whom) to demand one *bacon fytche*, hanging in the halle of the lord of Whichenour, after the forme thereunto belonging.

"After this relation, the bailiff or porter shal assigne a day to him, upon promise by his feythe to returne, and with him to bring tweyne of his neighbours: and in the meyn time, the said bailiff shal take with him tweyne of the freeholders of the lordship of Whichenour, and they three shal goe to the manour of Rudlowe, belonging to Robert Knyghtleye, and there shal comon the forsaide Knyghtleye, or his bailiffe, commanding hym to be ready at Whichenour, the day appointed, at pryme of the day, with his carriage, that is to say, a *horse*, and a *sedyle*, a *sakke* and a *pycke*, (i. e. spur)

\* A pecuniary satisfaction, instead of personal military service.

for to convey and carry the said baconne and come a journey owt of the countee of Stafford, at his costages; and then the said bailiffe shal, with the said freeholders, somon all the tenaunts of the said manior, to be ready at the day ap-  
 poynted, at Whichenour, for to doe and performe the services which they owe to the *baconne*; and at the day assigned, all such as owe services to the *baconne* shal be ready at the gatte of the manior of Whichenour, frome the sonne risinge to noone, attending and awayting for the comyng of hym that feareth the *baconne*; and when he is comyn, there shal be delivered to hym and his fellows chapeletts, and to all those whiche shal be there, to doe their services due to the *baconne*; and they shal lede the said demandant wythe trumpets and tabours, and other manner of mynstralcye to the hall dore, where he shal fynde the lord of Whichenour, or his steward, redy to deliver the *baconne* in this manere.

"He shall enquire of hym which demandeth the *baconne*, if he have brought tweyne of his neighbours with him, which must answer, *they be here ready*: and then the steward shall cause these two neighbours to swere, yf the said demandant be a weddyt man, or have been a man weddyt: and yf syth his marriage one yere and a day be passed: and if he be freeman or villeyne. And if his said neighbours make othe that he hath for hym all these three poynts rehearsed, then shal the *baconne* be take downe, and brought to the halle dore, and shall there be layd upon one half a quarter of wheatte, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the *baconne*, shal kneel upon his knee, and shal hold his right hande upon a booke, which booke shall be layd above the *baconne* and the corne, and shall make oath in this manere:

"Here ye, Sir Phillip de Somervyle, lord of Whichenour, mayntayner and giver of this *baconne*, that I, A. syth I wedded B. my wife, and syth I had her in my keeping, and at my wylle, by a yere and a daye after our marriage, I wold not have chaunged for none other, farrer ne fowler, richer ne power, ne for none other descended of gretter lynage, slepyng ne wakyng, at noo tyme. And if the said B. were sole, and I sole, I wolde take her to be my wife before all the wymen of the worlde, of what condicions soever they be, good or evyle, so helpe me God and his seyntys, and this flesh and all fleshes.

"And his neighbours shall make oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly: and yf it be founde by neighbours before-

named, that he be a freeman, there shall be delivred to him half a quarter of *wheatte* and a *cheese*: and yf he be a villeyne, he shall have half a quarter of *rye*, without cheese; and then shal Knyghtley, the lord of Rudlow, be called for to carry all theis thynges to fore rehearsed: and the said corne shal be layd upon one horse, and the *baconne* above yt, and he to whom the *baconne* apperteigneth, shal ascend upon his horse, and shall take the *cheese* before hym, if he have a horse, and yf he have none, the lord of Whichenour shall cause him to have one horse and sadyll, to such tyme as he passed his lordshippe; and so shall they departe the manour of Whichenour, with the corne and the *baconne* to fore him that hath wonne yt, with trumpets, tabourers, and other manior of mynstralcye.—And all the free tenants of Whichenour shall conduct him to be passed the lordship of Whichenour, and then shall all they retourne, except hym to whom apperteigneth to make the carriage and journey withoute the countye of Stafford, at the costys of his lord of Whichenour. And if the said Robert Knyghtley doe not cause the *baconne* and corne to be conveyed as is rehearsed, the lord of Whichenour shall do it to be carried, and shall distreigne the said Robert Knyghtley for his default, for one hundred shillings in his manior of Rudlow, and shal kepe the distresse so takyn, irrevlevisable."

But to return to Dunmow, where if the custom did not originate it has been the longest retained. The first delivery of the flitch of bacon on record at Dunmow, occurred in the twenty-third year of the reign of Henry VI. when Richard Wright, of Bradbourne, in Norfolk, having been duly sworn before the Prior and Convent, had a flitch of bacon delivered to him, agreeably to the tenure. The ceremonial established for these occasions consisted in the claimants kneeling on two sharp pointed stones in the church yard, and there, after solemn chanting and other rites performed by the convent, taking the following oath:—

"You shall swear, by custom of confession, That you ne'er made nuptial transgression; Nor, since you were married man and wife, By household brawls, or contentious strife, Or otherwise, at bed or board, Offended each other, in deed or in word; Or since the parish clerk said Amen, Wished yourselves unmarried again; Or, in a twelvemonth and a day, Repented in thought any way; But continued true, in thought and desire, As when you join'd hands in holy quire. If to these conditions, without all fear, Of your own accord you will freely swear,

A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive,  
And bear it hence with love and good leave,  
For this is our custom, at Dunmow well known,  
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own."

In the chartulary of the Priory, now in the British Museum, three persons are recorded to have received the bacon previous to the suppression of religious houses. Since that period also the bacon has been thrice delivered; in these cases the ceremonies have been performed at a court-baron for the manor, held by the steward. The last persons who received it were John Shakeshanks, wool-comber, and Anne his wife, of Wethersfield, who established their right on the 20th of June, 1751. Mr. Gough mentions the custom as abolished, but we understand it is only dormant, either through the want of claimants, or from their neglect to enforce the demand.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### THE GREAT PLAGUE.

*Account of a Grocer in Wood Street, Cheapside, who preserved himself and Family from Infection during the great Plague in 1665.*

THIS family consisted of the master and his wife, each of them between forty and fifty years of age, besides five children, three daughters and two sons, two maid servants, and an apprentice. This tradesman, who was a wholesale grocer, had another apprentice nearly out of his time, a porter, and a boy, whom he kept some time; but seeing the desolation that was coming upon them, he sent the boy down to his friends in Staffordshire, and gave up to his eldest apprentice the remainder of his time. As to the porter, he did not lodge in the house before, so there was no occasion for dismissing him; but being a poor man, and likely to fall into distress for want of employ, he was engaged to come every day and sit at the door as a watchman from nine in the morning till six in the evening, to receive orders, go upon errands, &c. The tradesman had a wicket made in the door to take in or send out any thing they thought fit; besides, there was a rope fastened to a little pulley to draw up, or let any thing down into the street. By this rope they often let down victuals and cordials, or what else they thought fit to the porter, and especially his wages constantly every week or oftener, as he required.

The master having resolved to shut himself up with his family, had stored

himself with all manner of provisions, and resolved to make it a standing rule that the door should not be opened on any account, fire excepted. No person within was permitted to look out of the windows into the street, or open any casement, except a wooden window made for the purpose, where the pulley and rope was, and that up two pair of stairs; and this wooden window he caused to be covered with tin, that nothing infected should stick to it.

Whenever the wooden window was opened, he caused a flash of gunpowder to be made in the room, so as to fill it with smoke, which, as soon as the window was opened, would gush out with some force, so that it carried away what air was in the room, not suffering any to come in from abroad till it was purified by the sulphur in the gunpowder smoke. While this smoke lasted, business might be transacted with the porter; but the moment the smoke abated, another flash was made with the powder within.

At first, whilst they were ten in the family, the master allowed each of them a pound of bread per day; but as he had laid in a quantity of meal, he reduced one sixth part for cake-bread, and such other sorts as might be made in the house. He also bought three thousand pound weight of biscuit, and had it put up in hogsheads as if it was going to be shipped off; so that the baker thought the biscuits were for a ship the grocer was fitting out. This he caused to be taken away in a boat, and being brought up to Queenhithe, it was landed there and carted to his warehouse under the appearance of grocery. In the same manner he acted with twenty barrels of fine flour. He then caused a small oven to be fixed in the chimney of one of his upper apartments. Being well provided with beer, as the physicians advised every one that could afford it to drink moderately, and not let their spirits sink or be dejected, he laid in a reasonable quantity of wines, cordial waters and brandy, and also some of the new and costly cordial at that time called *plague water*, besides medicines, &c. Having furnished himself with bread, flour, and beer, he then went to a butcher at Rotherhithe, none having yet died of the plague on that side of the water, and purchased three fat bullocks, which being killed, were pickled and barrelled up, together with six barrels of pork. These he also brought by water to Trigg Stairs, where he landed and carted them to his warehouse, as if it had been grocery, Bacon, cheese, and butter, he procured out of the country. In fine nothing was wanting that the situation he was going

into could probably require. These preparations being made, he forebore shutting himself quite up for some months after the plague had begun, and even till there died about a thousand a week. But though the infection was very terrible in the out-parishes, especially about Holborn, St. Giles, Fleet-street, and the Strand, the City was very healthy, nor was the distemper felt in any great degree within the walls, till the end of June or the beginning of July; in the second week of which it appeared, from the weekly bills, that 1268 had died in the out-parts of different distempers. But in the whole of the ninety-seven parishes within the walls, only twenty-eight had died of the distemper, and not more than sixteen in all the buildings on the Surrey side of the water.

However, the next week after, it was doubled, and began to overspread the whole city and all the out-parts like a torrent. None of this family now were suffered to go out of the City to any public place, market, exchange, or church; and the master also warned his dealers and correspondents in the country not to send him any more goods, as he could no longer send goods away, or receive any sent to him.

On the first of July, he began to place his porter on the outside of the door, where he built him a little hutch to sit in. By the 14th of July, the weekly bills amounted to 1762 of all distempers; and as the parish of St. Alban's, Wood-street, was the second in the city that was infected, this tradesman bolted, barred, and locked himself in with all his house, taking the keys into his own keeping, and declared to all his family, that if any one of them, though it were his only son or daughter, should offer to stir out of the door, though but a yard off, they should not come in again upon any terms whatever. At the same time he nailed up all the casements of his windows, or fastened the wooden shutters on the inside; those windows were excepted which were kept open for conversing with his porter, as before observed.

Till this time he had taken fresh meat of a country-woman, a higgler, who assured him that she brought it from Waltham Abbey market, without opening it till she came to his door, he was satisfied, but now he forbade her to come any more. Being now closely shut up, they scarcely knew how it fared with their neighbours, except that they heard the bells continually tolling, and their porter gave them in the weekly bills of mortality, and at length informed them that the next house but two was infected; that three houses

on the other side of the way were shut up, and that two servants out of another house on the same side of the way, but on the other side of their house, were sent away to the Pest-house beyond Old-street.

It was observable that it went hard with the poor servants, being obliged to go out on errands, particularly to the markets, to apothecaries' and chandlers' shops: the latter were at that time the principal places for all necessities excepting meat or fish. It was a great satisfaction to them that the people in the next house on one side had gone into the country at the beginning of the visitation, and had left the whole house locked up; the windows barred on the inside, and boarded on the outside; the house was also placed under the charge of the constable and watch. The other houses near them were all inhabited and all infected, and at length all shut up; and in one or more of them the whole of the families perished. By this time they heard a bell go ringing nightly along the streets; but not being like the sound of the ordinary bellman, they knew not what it meant. Not going by their door, the voice that went with it they could not distinguish; and as their porter did not sit at their door in the night, as he did in the day, they could not inquire. At length he informed them that the number of dead in the out-parts was so great, that it was impossible to bury them in due form, or to provide coffins; no one daring to come into the infected houses; and that therefore the Lord Mayor and Aldermen had ordered carts to go about with a bellman to collect the dead bodies. This, he said, had been done in Holborn, St. Sepulchre's, and Cripplegate, for a fortnight, but that now they began to come into the city, especially into St. Olave, Silver-street. This being the next parish to St. Alban's, was frightful enough, and only on the other side of the way; and during that fortnight, which was the middle of August, not less than fourscore died in those two small parishes. The reason of this was supposed to be the joining both these parishes to the Cripplegate side of the wall, as the parish of Cripplegate was at that time dreadfully visited, the plague being come down that way from St. Giles's in the Fields, where it began, and the weight of the infection during the latter end of August and the beginning of September, lay chiefly on that side of the city, from whence it went on to Bishopsgate, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel, and so to Stepney.

From the beginning to the end of August, or the first week in September, there died from 700 to 800, and almost 900 a

week in Cripplegate parish only. All this while the family continued in good health, and the cheerful parent encouraged them to hope for preservation, whatever might happen without doors; still, when they received such bad news every day, they began to look upon one another with heavy hearts, believing they were all but dead corpses, and that the visitation was so appointed by heaven as to sweep away the whole of the inhabitants, and that none would be left alive. In this distress the master prudently ordered all his family to lodge on the lower floor, or up one pair of stairs, and as many of them to sleep single as possible, whilst the rooms above were furnished with beds for any that might be taken sick; for whom a nurse should be procured, out of doors, and be drawn up by the pulley to the wooden shutter, so as not to come through the house at all, or converse with any of the family. He also proposed that if he himself should be taken ill, he would immediately submit to the nurse's attendance, and that none of his children should be suffered to come up stairs, or come near him; and that if he should die, his body should be let down by the pulley also, into the cart, and so of the whole house, though his wife assured him that she would be shut up with him. This careful father was up every morning the first in the house, and went to every chamber door, servants as well as children, to ask them how they did, and when they answered "very well," he left them with this short reply, "Give God thanks."

His letters were brought by the postman or letter carrier to his porter, who smoked them with sulphur and gunpowder; then opening them and sprinkling them with vinegar, they were drawn up by the pulley and then smoked again with strong perfumes, and taking them up with a pair of hair gloves, the hair outermost, he read them with a large reading glass at a considerable distance, and as they were read burnt them. At last the distemper raging more and more, he forbid his friends writing to him at all. The loss of his faithful porter heightened the calamity of this good man; he missed him at the usual time when he used to lower him down a mess of broth, or some other warm thing for his breakfast. He heard nothing of him all that day and the next, when the third day calling again for him within the door, he was answered by a strange voice in a melancholy tone, that Abraham was dead. "And who then are you?" said the master to the person who spoke, "I am his poor distressed widow, come to tell you your poor servant is gone." "Alas! poor woman,

said he, "and what canst thou do then?"

"Oh, sir," said she, "I am provided for, I have the distemper upon me, I shall not be long after him." These words, he confessed, made his heart cold within him; but as he stood surrounded with the smoke of gunpowder, he did not immediately retire, but said to her again, "if you are in such a condition, good woman, why did you come out?" "I came, sir," said she, "because I knew you would want poor Abraham to wait at your door, and I would let you know." "Well, but," says he, "if he is dead I must want him; you cannot help me." "No, sir," said she, "but I have brought you an honest man that will serve you as faithfully as he did." "But how do I know what he is, and as he comes with you that are sick, how do I know that he is not infected? I shall not dare to touch any thing that comes from him." "Oh, sir," said she, "he is one of the *safe men*, for he had the distemper and is recovered, so he is out of danger, or else I would not have brought him to you." This was an encouragement, and he was very glad of the new man; but would not believe the story of his recovery till he brought the constables of the parish and another person to vouch for it: while this was doing, the poor woman having answered some further questions, and receiving some money that was thrown down to her for her relief, went away.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### THE LUTAKES.

Of the character of the Lutakes I cannot speak favourably: they are a rapacious race, with all the vices, and none of the virtues, of real savages. They are cowardly and assuming. Their youth is without honour, and their age without respect. They are ragged and greasy, and nature has not favoured their outward form. The women are forward, and highly immodest; prudery is an accomplishment unknown to them; and I suspect that female chastity may be bought for a trifle. I lived with a family during the snowy weather, and had an opportunity of seeing the economy of their household. They live comfortably enough, eating three times a day; their chief subsistence is soup, but the flesh of the yak is a common dish. Tea is drank by the better classes, and beer made from malt is found in every house: old and young seem to be at the cask all day. Juniper is burnt before meals as incense; but in bad weather, when the people cannot stir

out, it is kindled in the house, and the smoke blown into the faces of the people about to eat. Their superstition resembles that of my own countrymen. In the making of malt circumspicion is observed, lest the evil eye of some old hag should occasion the failure of the process. They have an abhorrence of putting the feet upon the grate. To my surprise, the whole family slept promiscuously together in the room I occupied; old and young, males and females. They repose upon their breast, in an inclined position; but they undress before going to rest. A sheep-skin cloak, with the fleece towards their body, is their garment for the night. The family with whom I lodged were rather a fine specimen of the inhabitants, who perhaps improve on acquaintance; and they certainly are quite officious where it is their interest. I think they shew better in their natural character. Pitch your tent in the field, and you are liable to be imposed upon; but step inside, and you become a member of the family. The Lutakes believe, that there is a race of people who feed upon dead bodies (human carcasses), and that they have unnatural countenances.

*Asiatic Journal.*

#### THE CORONATION AT RHEIMS.

CLOVIS, the natural son of Childeric, established, in the year 486, the kingdom of France, and fixed his residence at Soissons. The palace he inhabited in that town was remarkable for its elegance, and exhibited all the magnificence of Roman luxury and architecture. The address he displayed in bringing over to his interests the Christian clergy of Gaul, showed a superior mind, and proved no less useful to the ambitious views in which he fondly indulged, than the splendid victories he obtained over his enemies.

At that time Saint Remi, Bishop of Rheims, enjoyed and merited the highest considerations. Endowed with an active genius, possessed of a prudent but firm character, he knew how to conciliate the admiration of the learned and the esteem of the great, with the affection of the lower classes of the people; those extraordinary talents were farther enhanced by a lofty stature, a majestic gait, and an imposing air. Clovis felt the necessity of attaching this extraordinary man to his interests: his first care was to save the territory of Rheims from all the horrors attendant on war. The prelate soon exercised over the barbarian the authority of a father, as may be judged from the following letter addressed to this prince:

"Make choice, for your counsellors, of men whose talents and virtues may prove useful to your designs, and the splendour of your throne; and never forget that the august functions to which you have been called by Heaven, are ever to be exercised with the most rigid justice and disinterestedness. Honour and respect the clergy: in their counsels you will find the greatest advantages, and your union with them will serve to consolidate your kingdom. Comfort and protect the unfortunate, feed and clothe the orphan, and inspire your subjects rather with love than fear; let justice always be tempered with clemency; let the poor and the stranger be free from taxes; receive no presents of whatever kind they may be; let the gates of your palace stand always open to receive all your subjects, and let nobody quit your presence dissatisfied. You possess a rich patrimony; employ it in redeeming the captive, and in breaking the chains of his slavery. Whoever appears before you, receive him with politeness and affection, and let him never feel that he is a stranger."

What decided this prince's baptism or conversion, deserves to be related. When pressed to this act by the lively instances of Clotilda, his wife, and the paternal exhortations of St. Remi, he was often heard to say—"I am the chief of a people who will never suffer me to abandon their gods." But soon after, the Germans having taken up arms, Clovis marched against them, and met their army near Zolbiac now Zulphe. In the beginning of the battle the army of Clovis is thrown into confusion: in vain he attempts to rally his troops; in vain he invokes the gods of his fathers. At length he addresses himself to the God of Clotilda, and makes a vow to embrace Christianity, should victory declare itself on his side. At once the fortune of the day is changed. The king of the Germans is killed, and his troops seek their safety in flight; the conqueror becomes master of the country they inhabited, and extends his domination to the banks of the Danube.

Clovis, desirous of accomplishing his vow, assembles the French, and communicates to them the project he had formed, and the motives of his conversion. He receives not only their approbation, but three thousand of those warriors follow the prince's example.

The ceremony of his conversion, or baptism, was celebrated in the town of Rheims, the 25th of December, 496, with extraordinary pomp. The day before this awful ceremony took place, Saint Remi occupied an oratory contiguous to



the chamber of Clovis; and there, in presence of the queen, and the principal lords of the court, he employed every persuasion, and imparted every instruction capable of supporting the monarch's faith; then, in a prophetic tone, he displayed before his eyes his posterity, adorned with the imperial purple, and, by uninterrupted victories, forcing other nations to acknowledge their supremacy; but to this flattering spectacle he added that of the punishments which awaited them, if ever, intoxicated by success, or seduced by adulation, they descended to that degradation of character, which forebodes the fall of empires and makes the sceptre fall into foreign hands.

"From this oratory, Clovis, surrounded by his warriors, all richly clad, and attended by the most distinguished persons of his court, goes," says Flodoard, "in all the pomp of procession to the cathedral. The streets of the town through which they pass are hung with costly tapestry, and covered with all the flowers of the season; but nothing approaches the magnificence of the church itself. The body of the clergy first appear, bearing in their hands gospels and crosses, and making the air resound with majestic and solemn hymns; then advances the prelate, holding the king by the hand, and followed by the queen and a numerous brilliant retinue. They arrive at the baptismal font; the clerk who bore the holy oil is intercepted by the crowd, and, notwithstanding all his efforts, is unable to open a passage for himself. Saint Remi, after having sanctified the font, calls in vain for the unction; he sighs, and raises up his eyes bathed in tears towards the altar. At the very moment a snow-white dove descends from heaven, bearing a vial filled with divine oil. The king enters the fountain of life, and then the prelate, addressing himself to the barbarian, says, in a tone that inspires both awe and respect: '*Bend down thy head, proud Sicamber, adore what thou hast burnt, and burn what thou hast adored.*' Then he thrice plunges him into the baptismal water, in the name of the Holy Trinity, and anoints him with the celestial cream."

*Literary Gazette.*

### SUPERSTITION.

\* The trick of vanity—Why we all do laugh  
At the stage player's antics, nay oft deem  
He hits to the very hair our neighbour's faults,  
When it may chance—(conceit how blind thou art!)

He draws the bow at us.\*

OLD COMEDY.

An inquiry into the deeper points of su-

perstition—those which are peculiar to kingdoms, or which plunge into the dwellings of the dead, and bring back, to scare us, visions and chimeras dire, mantled in winding-sheets, and, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile"—it is not my purpose to institute. I only throw a few unpretending glances upon those lighter prejudices of the fanciful, or the weak, which we, in a smaller or lesser degree, every day jostle against in our struggle to maintain our course upon the ocean, and amidst the environing breakers of life. Have we not many of us stigmatized, as puerile and ridiculous, the ardent little *Miss*, who, with a precocious propensity to anticipate, conjures up a wedding-ring in the coffee-grounds, or sows her hemp-seed at Midsummer? And yet might not some of us have battled for a particular seat at whist, or cut for the cards, with the full assurance that on these depend the good fortune of the game? The young lady's *superstition*, rely upon it, is not a jot more ridiculous, more at variance with nature, and nature's laws, than ours. You view with astonishment your worthy old grandmother's loudly-expressed consternation, when the ominous shroud or winding-sheet in the candle scarfs up its brilliance—you sneer at your fair cousins' blush-tinged trepidation, when they, dreaming on what they wish, convert a superfluous bit of light into a love-letter—you pity the eager credulity of your companion, who shudders when he finds that there are thirteen seated at the feast-board, and yet fears to break the spell by rising, lest he be the first victim—and you, the very next day, purchase of Mr. Bish, or Mr. Sivewright, the lottery ticket, No. 1,001, because it is an odd number; because it gained a capital prize at the last drawing, or because (and confess, dear smiling readers, that here at least you are vulnerable), you dreamed of that very number, or your wife, your child, your relation, dreamed of it last night. I am afraid your *superstition* in this is to the full as fanciful as that of your aged grandmother, your blushing cousins, or your credulous companions. We are told that if we walk beneath an uplifted ladder, we shall never be advanced high in the scale of fortune, never attain a noble station on the ladder of life, and we smile in the diviner's face: but the very next day, perhaps, the next minute—oh, what weak creatures we are, with all our boasted wisdom, all our pride!—we decline commencing a journey, because it is *Friday*, and the day "we dread." Ought we not in our turns to be laughed out of countenance? We

object to helping our friend to some salt, because it will promote differences; and we sedulously divert the order of crossed knives, because it is an omen of dread; and yet we grow eloquent on the folly of the seaman, when he nails the horse-shoe to the mast, or the peasant, when he fastens it to his threshold, without considering that all of us equally sacrifice at the altar of *superstition*.

I will conclude this sketch, for I deem it no more, although the subject it involves is a wide one, with a short tale, apt enough to my purpose, and which, I dare say, has many a parallel both on land and wave.

"A gentleman, coming a passenger in a vessel from the West Indies, finding it more inconvenient to be shaved than to wear his beard, choose the latter—but he was not suffered to have his choice long—it was the unanimous opinion of the sailors, and indeed of the captain as well, that there was not the least probability of a wind as long as this ominous beard was suffered to grow. They petitioned, they remonstrated; and at last prepared to cut the fatal hairs by violence. Now as there is no operation, to which it is so much the patient's interest to consent, as that of the barber—the gentleman quietly submitted; nor could the wind resist the potent spell, which instantly filled all their sails, and wafted them merrily away."

Now, my readers, if there be any of ye who feel an inclination of disgust at this beard-hating folly of the "Tars of Old England," repress it as you value justice and the "landmen's" consistency for be assured, and I hope I have said enough to prove the fact, that although we might conquer *general* superstition, we are still fettered with that which belongs to our particular profession, our individual habits, and our peculiar pursuits.—*European Magazine*.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

### LINES TO A RICH MISER,

*Who wasted his lungs in declaiming  
against Marriage amongst the poorer  
class of people.*

THUS fares the hen, in farmer's yard,  
To live alone she finds it hard;  
I've known her weary every claw,  
In search of corn amongst the straw;  
But when in quest of nicer food,  
She chucks amongst her chirping brood.

With joy I've seen that self same hen,  
That scratch'd for one, could scratch for ten.

These are the thoughts that make me willing

To take my girl without a shilling;  
And for the self-same cause, d'y'e see,  
Jenny's resolved to marry me.

### EPITAPH

*Upon a man who fell from his horse and  
broke his neck.*

MAN's life's a vapour, and full of woes,  
He cuts a caper, and—down he goes.

### LOVE'S MISERIES.

FRANKLY say, ye smiling Fair,  
By sparkling eyes and jetty hair,  
What's the reason, when we meet,  
Fearful smiles each other greet?

Why the fluttering, beating heart  
Feels such pain, but pleasing smart,  
I invite ye to explain.

Why create each other pain? J. C.

### FROM THE LATIN OF NAU- GERIUS.

As late through the meadows fast Phillida  
stray'd,

And cul'd the sweet flow'rets, the pride  
of the grove,

Concealed in a rose-bush, the frolicsome  
maid

Espied the young urethm, the Demon  
of Love.

### ON MAN'S LIFE.

MAN is a glass, life is water

That's weakly wall'd about;  
Sin brings in death, death breaks the  
glass,  
So runs the water out.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As we hope to be enabled to give the *Musie* and Words of a Song, prepared expressly for the *Mirror*, in our next, we shall defer for a week or two our promised *History of Music*.

P. T. W.'s contribution shall appear in due season.

We thank E. H.—s, and shall put his drawing in the hands of the engraver as soon as the subjects already in hand are dismissed.

We feel much obliged to Sir J. B. for the interesting view and description of the *House of Peter the Great*; and shall feel grateful to other travelling friends for similar contributions.

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